THE SONG OF THE PASSER BY

There are other streets in the world ot which more has been written than of the Chandni Chowk of Delhi. Men have talked more of the Rue de la Paix, of Piccadilly and Pall Mail Yet none can touch the Chandni Chowk in pure beauty, with its double row of peepuls above the central aqueduct, its lovely robed passengers from every nation under heaven.

Nor can any European street boast of a prayer-house whose roof is of pure gold. Yet such are the three big domes and four small ones of the little mosque, unpretentious in other ways, and situated on an upper storey above some shops, and fringed with neam-trees, where Nadir Shah watched with gloating eyes his soldiers sack the richest street in Asia.

What strange processions, what motley throngs have passed through the Chandni Chowk, from the day when Dara Shikoh, bound and tattered, passed through a people's tears to his death, to the time when Mary

Curzon in pale blue crepes and gold em-
broideries, with wistaria blossoms on her head, answered their acclamations with her smiles !

Not far from the Chandni Chowk is the most